

DELL

MO. 738 10

The Movie Story of

WALT DISNEY'S

# WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS!



# ***It is May, 1844...***

And America's hopes are turning West. The slow-moving caravans of pioneers have brought together many kinds of men, all different, all with different dreams. Among these is John Grayson, a doctor, young, inexperienced, unsure. For him, as for all the others, the Oregon Trail would be a test, a final proof of spirit and strength. There would be much to endure...



**The tension of a hot, still prairie...**



**The screaming swoop of an all-out Pawnee attack...**



## **A PLEDGE**



## **TO PARENTS**

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**The ominous waiting for an answer of life or death...**

Walt Disney's *WESTWARD HO! THE WAGONS!* No. 736. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16. N.Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copies, 10 cents. © Copyright 1956, by Walt Disney Productions. All rights reserved throughout the world. Nothing herein contained to be reproduced without permission of Walt Disney Productions. Adapted from the Walt Disney motion picture, "Westward Ho! The Wagons." Based on the story by Charles L. M. Bebb. "Westward Ho! The Wagons" © Copyright 1955, by Disney Music Co. "The Ballad of John Coley" © Copyright 1956, by Wondaland Music Co. "The Ballad of John Coley" © Copyright 1955, by Wondaland Music Co. "The Ballad of John Coley" © Copyright 1956, by Wondaland Music Co., Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

WALT DISNEY'S

# WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS!

ROLLING WESTWARD ACROSS THE TRACKLESS NEBRASKA PRAIRIE IN MAY OF 1844, A STOUTHEARTED, INTREPID BAND OF PIONEERS - BOUND FOR THE 'PROMISED LAND' OF OREGON - BRAVED MANY DANGERS. THE MOST FORMIDABLE WAS THE HOSTILE SAVAGERY OF THE GREAT PLAINS INDIANS...

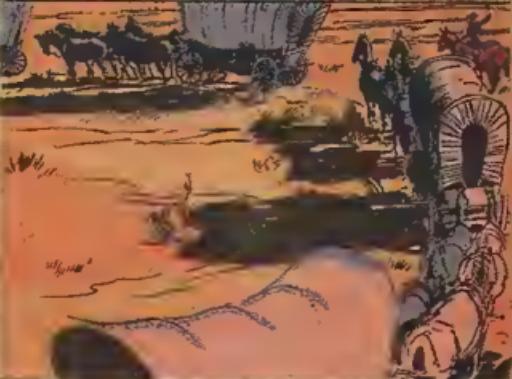
LESS'N  
TWO HOURS  
TILL SUNDOWN,  
DOC! RECKON  
WE'D BETTER  
MAKE CAMP!

I'LL  
SIGNAL  
STEPHEN!

CAPTAIN!  
HANK SAYS  
INTO THE  
CIRCLE!

THOSE WORDS  
WERE NEVER  
MORE WELCOME,  
DOC!

THE TIRED HORSES PULL THE CREAKING WAGONS  
INTO A TIGHT CIRCLE FOR PROTECTION AGAINST  
NIGHT MARAUDERS...



AND AFTER SUPPER...

SINCE WE'RE NOW ON THE TRAIL  
THE PAWNEES USE BETWEEN HERE  
AND THE MOUNTAINS, WE'LL NEED TWO  
SCOUTS! SO DOC GRAYSON WILL RIDE  
UP FRONT WITH HANK!

AND STARTIN' TONIGHT, WE'RE  
EACH TAKING A TURN AT STANDIN'  
GUARD!—A LOT OF THE HORSES  
ARE OBIE'S, SO HE'LL BE IN  
CHARGE OF THE LIVESTOCK!...



MEANWHILE, LAURA THOMPSON IS ENTERTAINING THE CHILDREN...

AT THE PRINCE'S KISS, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY  
AWOKE! THE SPELL OF THE BAD FAIRY  
WAS BROKEN! AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS  
LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!



NOW HOW'D YOU LIKE TO  
HEAR A REAL RIP-SNORTIN'  
INJUN YARN?

GOSH, MR.  
BRECKENRIDGE!  
WE'D LIKE  
THAT!

WAL, ONE NIGHT I WAS  
CAMPIN' ALONE BY  
CHIMBLEY ROCK . . .  
WHEN SUDDENLY A  
PAWNEE ARROW  
ZIPS PAST MY  
HEAD AN' . . .



THE STARTLING HISS OF A REAL  
ARROW CUTS HIM SHORT...

PAWNEES!



INDIANS!  
GET TO  
YOUR  
PLACES!

DOUSE THOSE  
FIRES AN' KEEP  
YOUR HEADS  
DOWN!

AS THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN SCRAMBLE  
FOR THE WAGONS, THE MEN RACE TO THEIR  
POSTS. BUT MINUTES TICK BY WITHOUT SIGN  
OF MORE INDIAN HOSTILITY . . .



THEY MUST'VE FIRED THAT  
LONE ARROW TO ATTRACT  
OUR ATTENTION!

RIGHT, DOC! PROB'LY  
SOMETHING OUT THERE  
THEY WANT US TO SEE!  
LET'S HAVE A  
LOOK!



LOOK! ISN'T THAT  
A **MAN** LYING  
OVER THERE?

SURE IS, CAP'N!  
RECKON WE'VE FOUND  
THE ANSWER TO  
THAT ARROW!

HE'S STILL  
ALIVE! HANK,  
GIVE ME A  
HAND WITH  
HIM!

WHO'S  
THAT?

SOME POOR DEVIL  
WHO FELL INTO THE  
HANDS OF THE  
PAWNEES!

I'LL GIVE  
YOU BOYS  
A HAND

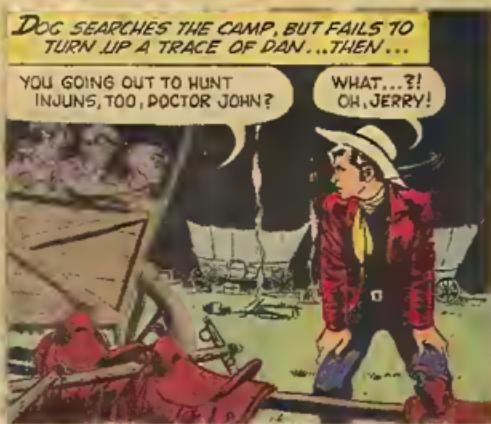
TAKE HIM  
TO MY WAGON!

ALTHOUGH DOC DOES HIS BEST...

I COULDN'T  
SAVE HIM,  
LAURA!

HE WAS TOO FAR  
GONE, JOHN! **NO**  
ONE COULD HAVE  
SAVED HIM!





VERY QUIETLY, DOC SADDLES UP AND RIDES OUT, PICKING UP DAN'S TRAIL. HE FOLLOWS IT UNTIL...

ONE OF ARMITAGE'S HORSES! DAN CAN'T BE TOO FAR AWAY! OR THE PAUNNEES, EITHER!



CHIEFTAIN AND OUR OTHER HORSES! BUT HOW CAN I GET THEM WITHOUT WAKING THOSE INDIANS?



CHIEFTAIN NEIGHS... A PAUNEE STIRS RESTLESSLY THEN...

THAT RUSTLING NOISE! SOMETHING'S COMING UP BEHIND ME!



OH!... DR. JOHN! YOU FRIGHTENED ME!... I FOUND CHIEFTAIN AND...

AND THE PAUNNEES WHAT DO YOU FIGURE ON DOING?... SURROUNDING THEM? YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR BREECHES PADDLED!



I-I KNOW—BUT  
WE'RE HERE NOW!  
WILL YOU HELP ME  
GET HIM BACK?

YES! IF HE MEANS THIS  
MUCH TO YOU—AND IF  
YOU'RE GAME TO TRY  
THAT KIOWA TRICK I  
TOLD YOU ABOUT!

I'LL DO  
ANYTHING!

OKAY! I'LL COVER YOU  
FROM HERE! SCATTER THE  
HORSES, GRAB CHIEFTAIN,  
AND HEAD BACK HERE AS  
FAST AS YOU CAN!



USING A SAGEBRUSH CLUMP AS  
A COVER, DAN INCHES TOWARD THE  
PAWNEE CAMP...

SUDDENLY...



A SWIFT SLASH AT THE PICKET STRING  
AND THE HORSES SCATTER...



THE COMMOTION ROUSES THE PAWNEES...





EARLY NEXT MORNING...

I'M SORRY, LAURA! WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER FOR DOC AND DAN! IF THEY GET BACK...

THEY'VE ALREADY GOT! LOOK YONDER!

DAN! YOU'RE SAFE! WE'VE ALL BEEN SO WORRIED!

I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T THINK! ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS TO GET CHIEFTAIN BACK!



MAYBE YOU'D LIKE A CHANGE, TOO! I'M A FAIR HAND WITH A TEAM!

I'LL MAKE UP MY OWN MIND ABOUT THAT! ... BUT CLIMB ABOARD!



AGAIN THE WAGONS ROLL WESTWARD ALONG THE OREGON TRAIL....



UNTIL, DAYS LATER...

THERE YOU ARE, TRAIL-MATES...  
CHIMNEY ROCK! THAT SORT OF  
MARKS THE END OF THE PRAIRIE!



TOMORROW WE'LL PULL UP  
THROUGH THAT NOTCH... AND  
A LITTLE WHILE AFTER  
THAT, WE'LL BE AT  
FORT LARAMIE!



AFTER DARK HAS FALLEN...

WE'RE LAYIN'  
OVER A DAY TO  
REST THE STOCK  
AN' LET IT GRAZE!  
BUT I'D FEEL  
BETTER IF WE  
KEPT MOVIN'!

ME, TOO, HANK! IF  
THE PAWNEES  
CATCH US LYING OUT  
IN THE OPEN LIKE  
THIS, THE WHOLE  
TRIBE'LL DESCEND  
LIKE A SWARM  
OF BEES!



YEAH! BUT  
WORRYIN' WON'T  
KEEP 'EM AWAY! SO,  
SINCE WE GOT A FIRE  
AN' A LAYOVER,  
MIGHT AS WELL  
ENJOY OURSELVES!

WELL, I'M NOT  
MUCH FOR DANCING!  
BUT I PROMISED  
THE YOUNG ONES A  
STORY THE FIRST  
NIGHT THERE  
WAS TIME!  
RECKON THIS  
IS IT!



THIS STORY'S TRUE! ABOUT A REAL MOUNTAIN MAN—JOHN COLTER! ONE OF THE BRAVEST MEN THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN!



AND DOC BEGINS THE BALLAD OF JOHN COLTER, OF HOW HE WENT TRAPPING IN THE LANDS OF THE FEARFUL BLACKFEET INDIANS AND FELL INTO THEIR HANDS...

THEY SET HIM LOOSE WITHOUT HIS CLOTHES,  
WITHOUT HIS SHOES AND GUN—  
STRENGTH AND COURAGE HIS ONLY HOPE,  
A RACE FOR HIS LIFE TO RUN.  
THEIR FASTEST RUNNERS AFTER HIM  
WITH THEIR LANCES WAVING HIGH—  
THE KNOWLEDGE POUNDING IN HIS HEART  
THAT HE HAD TO WIN OR DIE...  
LUNGS A'BURSTING WITH THE EFFORT,  
EVERY MUSCLE STARTS TO SCREAM...  
SIX LONG MILES OF ENDLESS RUNNING  
THEN SUDDENLY THERE'S A STREAM...



THE NEXT MORNING, CAPTAIN STEPHEN, HANK, AND DOC RIDE OFF TO SCOUT THE NOTCH...



...STRAIGHT TO THE BLACKFEET COLTER STRODE,  
A MAN WHO WAS UNAFRAID—  
AND LOOKED HIS CAPTORS IN THE EYE—  
A DANGEROUS GAME HE PLAYED.  
THE BLACKFOOT CHIEF SPOKE TO HIS MEN:  
THIS PRISONER WAS SO BRAVE  
THEY'D TAKE HIS CLOTHES AND TURN HIM LOOSE  
WITH A CHANCE HIS SCALP TO SAVE...



"DIVES TO SAFETY 'NEATH THE WATER,  
BREATHING THROUGH A HOLLOW REED,  
LEAVING BLACKFOOT RUNNERS BAFFLED  
BY THE WONDER OF HIS SPEED.  
WAITED TILL THE RED MEN GAVE UP,  
THEN WALKED BACK TO FORT MANUEL,  
THREE HUNDRED MILES OF BAREFOOT TRAIL;  
SAID HE'D LIKE TO REST A SPELL..."



DAN LISTENS WIDE-EYED TO DOC'S SONG  
AND WHEN IT IS FINISHED, HE HEADS FOR  
HIS WAGON AS IF IN A DREAM...

WHILE DAN AND SEVERAL OTHER CHILDREN  
GO TO GATHER FIREWOOD...





WITH THAT, DAN STRAIGHTENS INTO FULL VIEW AND MARCHES OVER THE CREST--TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE PAWNEE SCOUTS...

THIS WORKED FOR JOHN COLTER!  
MAYBE IT WILL WORK FOR ME!



LEAPING FROM THEIR PONIES, THE THREE SCOUTS SEIZE DAN WHILE THE LEADER STRIDES ON TO THE CREST...

I HOPE TOM  
KEEPS THE OTHERS  
QUIET! IF THAT  
INDIAN SEES  
THEM...



BUT THE PAWNEE HAS EYES ONLY FOR THE DISTANT EMIGRANT CAMP...



AND HASTENS TO CARRY NEWS OF WHAT HE HAS SEEN TO HIS CHIEF...



THEY TOOK DAN AWAY! WE'VE GOT TO GET HELP!

DAN SAID NOT TO MOVE!  
SO WE'RE STAYIN' HERE  
TILL DARK!



ANXIOUS, FEAR-FRAUGHT HOURS LATER...

...AND DAN ACTED  
JUST LIKE JOHN COLTER!  
ONLY LOTS BRAVER!  
HURRY AND GOAFTER  
HIM! PLEASE!

WE WILL-COME DAYLIGHT!  
IN THE DARK, WE'D TRAMPLE  
OUT ANY TRACKS THEY  
MIGHT HAVE LEFT!

BUT DAN'S  
ONLY A BOY!  
WHY DID THEY  
TAKE HIM?

SO WE COULDN'T COME  
BACK AND WARN US  
THEY WERE IN THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD!



MEANWHILE, AT THE PAWNEE WAR CAMP...

THOSE BRAVES  
ACT LIKE THAT  
BOWL EDGE  
WAS REAL  
SHARP!



WHEN THE BRAVES  
MOVE AWAY, LEAVING  
THE BOWL BEHIND...

DAN HUNCHES DOWN.

M ANAGES TO REACH IT...



HE DRAGS IT BEHIND HIM WITHIN REACH OF HIS BOUND HANDS...

SURE HOPE THAT WAR DANCE DOESN'T END TOO SOON!



SUDDENLY...



QUICKLY, HE SAWs THROUGH HIS ANKLE BONDS...

RECKON IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



THE PALEFACE!  
HE IS FREE!



A WAR PARTY IS NOT NEEDED TO CATCH ONE BOY!



ONE BY ONE, DAN'S PURSUITERS  
GIVE UP THE CHASE...



UNTIL ONLY THE LEADER IS LEFT...



DESPERATION FORCES DAN UP  
A STEEP, ROCK-STUDDED CLIFF.



THE BOY CLIMBS LIKE A  
GOAT! STOP HIM WITH  
TOMAHAWK!

DAN LOOKS BACK JUST IN TIME  
AND DODGES VIOLENTLY, LOOSENING  
A KEY ROCK IN THE CLIFF...



AEEEEEE!

THAT WAS CLOSE!  
NOW... IF I CAN ONLY  
MAKE IT OVER  
THE TOP!



THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT, AT THE WAGON TRAIN CAMP, THE PIONEERS PRAY AND KEEP WATCH TOWARD DAWN...

DOC! SOMETHIN'S MOVIN' OUT THERE!

THAT'S NO PAWNEE! COME ON!



DANNY! ARE YOU HURT?

N-NO... JUST TUCKERED OUT... LOTS OF 'EM CHASED ME!... WAR CAMP - THEY WERE DANCING!



OVERCOME BY EXHAUSTION, DAN COLLAPSES...

CAP'N! LOOKS LIKE A PAWNEE WAR PARTY'LL BE HITTIN' US AT SUNUP! WE'VE GOT TO TRY FOR THE NOTCH!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO LIGHTEN OUR LOADS! OR WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN TIME!



ORDERS RING OUT. TREASURES ARE HASTILY AND UNHAPPILY, DISCARDED. LAURA THOMPSON PARTS WITH SOME CHERISHED BOOKS...

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T HANG ONTO THOSE, LAURA! BOOKS'LL BE SCARCE IN OREGON!

THESE WERE MY FATHER'S MEDICAL BOOKS. HE WAS A DOCTOR TOO! AND SUCH A GOOD ONE. HE DIED LAST WINTER FROM OVERWORK!



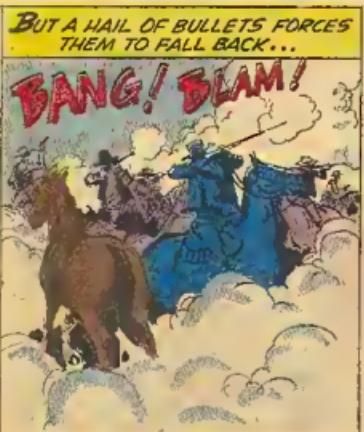


DON'T KNOW YET, HANK! BUT THEY MIGHT COME IN HANDY ONE OF THESE DAYS



MAYBE! BUT THAT SUN'S COMIN' UP AWFUL FAST! AN' THE PAWNEES ARE MIGHTY EARLY RISERS!







UNABLE TO RESIST THE LURE OF THE HORSES, THE PAWNEES ABANDON THE ATTACK...

THE TRAIN'S CASUALTIES ARE MINOR—ONE MAN SLIGHTLY WOUNDED—THE BENJAMIN'S WAGON LOST.



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, THE WAGON TRAIN HALTS ON THE PLAIN OUTSIDE FORT LARAMIE. THE TRADER, BISSONETTE, RIDES OUT TO GREET HIS OLD FRIEND, HANK BRECKENRIDGE...

WELCOME, MON AMI!

I RODE OUT TO TELL YOU TO BRING YOUR WAGONS NEARER THE FORT! THOSE SIOUX YONDER ARE IN A BAD MOOD! THEIR CHIEF, WOLF'S BROTHER, DOESN'T USUALLY ATTACK WAGON OUTFITS...



BUT THE LAST TRAIN THROUGH HERE KILLED A COUPLE OF HIS BRAVES!

THEN WE MUST KEEP OUT OF HIS WAY! I'LL GIVE AN ORDER TO THAT EFFECT!



SOME TIME LATER...

SO YOU DID TAKE DAD'S BOOKS! I HOPE YOU WOULD! WHAT ARE YOU READING ABOUT NOW?

INJURIES TO THE HEAD! AND I'M JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW LITTLE I KNOW!



MEANTIME, IN FORT LARAMIE'S TRADING POST,  
AN ELDERLY, DIGNIFIED SIOUX FIXES HIS  
ATTENTION ON THE DOLL-LIKE MYRA ...



SMALL DAUGHTER OF  
RISING SUN GREAT MEDICINE!  
MUST TELL CHIEF WOLF'S BROTHER!



ARE YOU **REALLY**  
GOING TO SWAP THESE  
BEAUTIFUL, SOFT  
BUFFALO ROBES FOR  
THE RAW HIDES US  
KIDS BROUGHT IN?

INDEED  
I AM!

SINCE DOCTOR  
JOHN SENT THE  
MONEY FOR THE  
NEW ONES BY  
M'SIEU ARMITAGE!



WHO'S  
THE OLD  
INDIAN?

MANY STARS MEDICINE MAN  
FOR CHIEF WOLF'S BROTHER!  
HE IS VERY IMPORTANT  
BECAUSE HE TELLS THE  
CHIEF WHAT THE GODS  
WANT HIM TO DO!



LEAVING THE FORT, ARMITAGE AND MYRA  
ARE STOPPED BY CHIEF WOLF'S BROTHER,  
HIS SON, LITTLE THUNDER, AND MANY STARS...

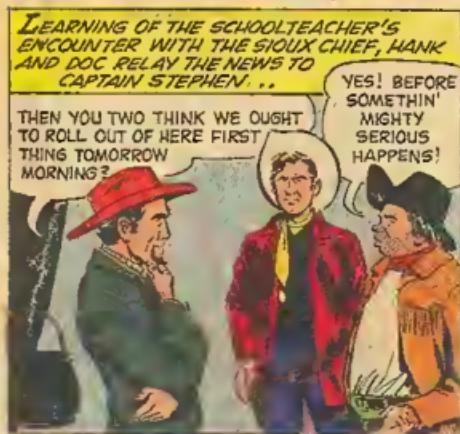
DAUGHTER OF RISING SUN  
HAS SKY OF NOON IN EYES!  
SKIN LIKE WHITE SNOW OF  
MOUNTAIN! VERY GOOD  
MEDICINE!



AS, IN AWE, THE CHIEF GENTLY  
TOUCHES MYRA'S HAIR...

KEEP YOUR HANDS  
OFF HER!





THAT THE SIOUX HAVE COME ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS IS OBVIOUS FROM THEIR SPLENDID TRAPPINGS AND FORMAL GREETINGS...



UNDER HANK'S DIRECTION, BUFFALO ROBES ARE SPREAD FOR THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS



THE CHIEF'S PEACE PIPE IS LIGHTED AND PASSED FROM WOLF'S BROTHER TO CAPTAIN STEPHEN...



AS THE PEACE PIPE RITUAL ENDS, BISSONETTE RIDES IN...



HE SAYS THE GODS  
HAVE TOLD HIM, THROUGH  
MANY STARS, TO MAKE A TRADE  
WITH THE WHITE MEN! SO HE HAS  
BROUGHT YOU  
THE GREATEST  
GIFTS HE HAS!



"THREE OF THE BEST PONIES IN THE SIOUX HERD. THEY ARE TRAINED HUNTERS..."



"THE ROBE OF THE SACRED WHITE BUFFALO TO PROTECT YOU FROM BAD SPIRITS FOR THE REST OF YOUR JOURNEY..."



"AND A WHISTLE MADE OF A WAR EAGLE'S WINGBONE, IT WILL SHOW ALL DAKOTA CHIEFS YOU ARE FRIENDS TO BE PROTECTED."



HE'S NOT GUARANTEEIN'  
US SAFE PASSAGE  
FOR NOTHING!  
WHAT'S HE  
AFTER?



THE CHILD HE CALLS  
"LITTLE DAUGHTER OF  
RISING SUN" ... MYRA  
THOMPSON! HE SAYS SHE  
WILL BRING GOOD LUCK TO  
HIS PEOPLE — SHE WILL BE  
RAISED AS A PRINCESS!

"NO! IT'S  
UNTHINKABLE!"

"GO AWAY! NO TALK  
TO WOMAN!"



"YOU'LL TALK TO  
ME ... YOU POMPOUS  
SAVAGE!"

"QUIET, LAURA!  
LET ME  
HANDLE THIS!"



TELL HIM THAT WE KNOW THE HONOR HE PAYS US, BUT WE WON'T PART WITH THE CHILD! THAT SHE'D SICKEN AND DIE AMONG STRANGERS! IF MANY STARS SAYS DIFFERENTLY, HE GIVES BAD ADVICE AND HIS MEDICINE IS WEAK!

ALTHOUGH THE INDIANS  
RESENT THIS, THEY LEAVE  
WITHOUT FURTHER ARGUMENT...

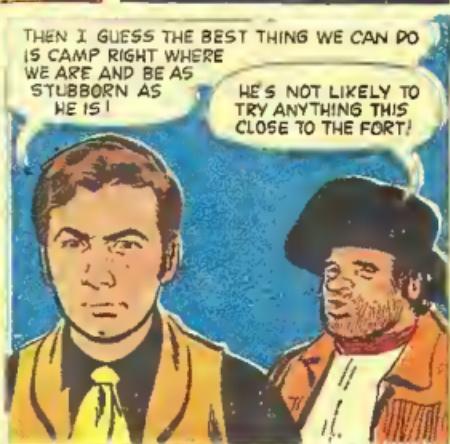


WHAT NOW, BISSONETTE?  
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL  
START ANY TROUBLE?

PERHAPS NOT  
HERE, DOCTOR!  
BUT IF YOU TRY TO MOVE  
ON WITHOUT GIVING UP THE  
LITTLE ONE, HE'LL SET  
THE WHOLE TRIBE  
AGAINST YOU!

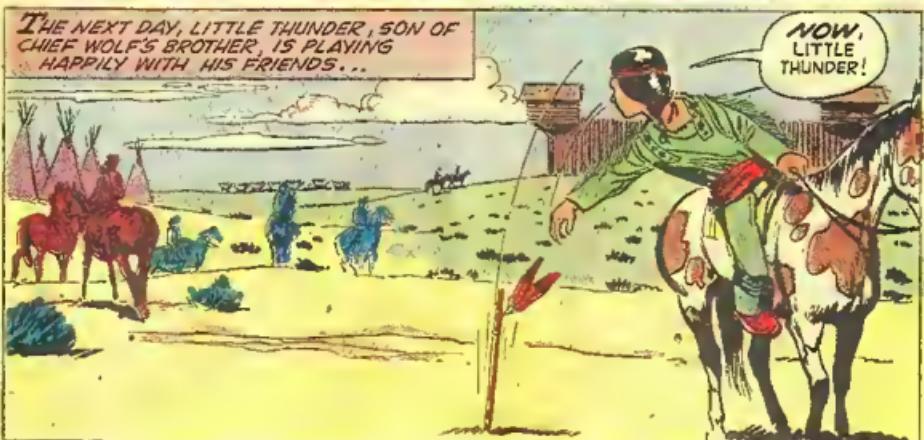
THEN I GUESS THE BEST THING WE CAN DO  
IS CAMP RIGHT WHERE  
WE ARE AND BE AS  
STUBBORN AS  
HE IS!

HE'S NOT LIKELY TO  
TRY ANYTHING THIS  
CLOSE TO THE FORT!

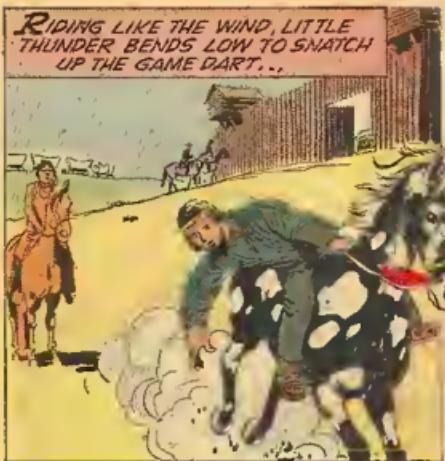


THE NEXT DAY, LITTLE THUNDER, SON OF  
CHIEF WOLF'S BROTHER, IS PLAYING  
HAPPILY WITH HIS FRIENDS...

NOW,  
LITTLE  
THUNDER!



RIDING LIKE THE WIND, LITTLE THUNDER BENDS LOW TO SNATCH UP THE GAME DART...



LITTLE THUNDER'S 'CRY WHIRLS THE WHITE MEN AND INDIANS AROUND...



DO NOT TOUCH SMALL CHIEF!



THE CHIEF GENTLY LIFTS HIS INJURED SON — THE ANGRY MANY STARS SEIZES THE CHIEF'S LANCE...



AND STRIKES DOC A WARNING BLOW ON THE SHOULDER...



THAT WAS CLOSE!  
THE LANCE BLOW ON  
YOUR SHOULDER MEANS  
YOUR SCALP BELONGS  
TO MANY STARS—  
ANY TIME HE WANTS  
TO TAKE IT!



IF THAT BOY'S AS  
BADLY HURT AS I  
THINK HE IS, HE'S  
APT TO GET ALL  
OUR SCALPS!

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE FERIE SOUND OF  
BEATING DRUMS AND WAILING WOMEN COMES  
FROM THE SIOUX CAMP...

WHAT STRANGE  
SINGING!



THAT'S A PRAYER TO THE GREAT  
SPIRIT FOR LITTLE THUNDER'S  
LIFE!... LOOK! HERE COMES  
BISSEONETTE! MAYBE HE'LL HAVE  
SOME NEWS!

YOU HEAR THOSE DRUMS,  
MON AMI? I HAVE JUST  
SEEN A SIOUX... MANY  
STARS CAN'T BRING THE  
BOY AROUND! THE SIOUX  
DON'T THINK HE CAN DO  
IT, EVEN IF HE MAKES  
THE BUFFALO PRAYER!

THE  
BUFFALO  
PRAYER ?



THE INDIAN BELIEVES  
HIS STRENGTH COMES  
FROM THE BUFFALO!  
WHEN HE HAS GREAT  
TROUBLE, HE PRAYS  
TO THE STRONG SPIRIT  
OF A LIVING  
BUFFALO!

IT IS A MEDICINE MAN'S  
MOST POWERFUL  
MEDICINE... HE ONLY  
USES IT WHEN  
EVERYTHING ELSE  
FAILS!... SO IF THE  
BOY DIES, YOU  
PEOPLE ARE BAD  
MEDICINE!



DARKNESS FALLS...AND THE INDIAN CHANT CONTINUES,  
BACKED UP BY THE OMINOUS UNDERTONE OF THE DRUMS...

I CAN'T EAT, LAURA! I KEEP  
THINKING ABOUT THAT BOY!  
I HAVE A FEELING I  
COULD HELP HIM!

YOU GO NEAR HIM NOW  
AND THEY'LL KILL YOU  
FOR SURE!



AS NIGHT WEARS  
ON, A BATTLE  
WAGES WITHIN  
DOC... HIS NATURAL  
INSTINCT TO  
SURVIVE WARS  
WITH HIS FAITH  
IN HIS MEDICAL  
ABILITY...

THE DRUMBEAT  
QUICKENS,  
SIGNIFYING THAT  
MANY STARS  
HAS BEGIN THE  
DESPERATE  
RITUAL OF  
THE BUFFALO  
PRAYER...  
SUDDENLY  
A GREAT  
WAIL COMES  
FROM THE  
SIOUX CAMP...

HEAR THAT? IT  
MEANS MANY STARS  
TALKED TO THE  
BUFFALO - AND,  
IT DIDN'T DO ANY  
GOOD!

THAT SETTLES IT!  
WHATEVER THE RISK,  
I'VE GOT TO GO  
OVER THERE! I'LL  
PACK MY  
MEDICAL KIT!



IN THE MEDICINE LODGE AT THE SIOUX CAMP...

GREAT SPIRIT CAST  
OUT EVIL! MAKE  
LITTLE THUNDER  
STRONG AGAIN!



SUDDENLY WOLF'S BROTHER BOUNDS ANGRILY FROM THE LODGE...

GO! - OR DIE!

WAIT, CHIEF! WHITE MEDICINE MAN  
VERY GREAT! HE COMES TO HELP  
MANY STARS SAVE YOUR SON'S LIFE!



YOUR PRAYERS ARE GOOD,  
MANY STARS! THEY HAVE  
BROUGHT THE  
WHITE DOCTOR!  
USE YOUR  
GREAT  
MAGIC!

THAT'S THE BOY'S  
MOTHER - BEGGING  
A CHANCE FOR  
YOU! BUT IT'S UP  
TO MANY STARS!

IF I CAN HELP THE  
BOY, MANY STARS  
CAN CLAIM THE  
CREDIT! CAN'T  
HE SEE THAT?

SURE HE CAN! IF  
HE SAYS "NO" AND  
THE BOY DIES, HE'LL  
BE RESPONSIBLE!  
BUT IF HE LETS YOU  
HELP THE BOY AND  
YOU FAIL - THE  
BLAME IS YOURS!



TENSE MOMENTS FOLLOW, THEN MANY  
STARS, WITH A DECISIVE NOD, GIVES  
HIS CONSENT...



AFTER DOC'S SWIFT, GENTLE  
EXAMINATION...

IT'S A BROKEN  
COLLARBONE THAT  
CUT AN' K VEIN!  
THAT'S WHY HE  
HASN'T COME  
AROUND!



AS A PLEDGE  
NOT TO HARM  
THE BOY, DOC  
HANDS HIS  
BELT-KNIFE  
TO WOLF'S  
BROTHER...



THEN STARTS THE OPERATION... ON THE  
SUCCESS OF WHICH MORE THAN ONE  
LIFE DEPENDS...



TIME PASSES WITH AGONIZING  
SLOWNESS... FINALLY...

LITTLE THUNDER WAKES!  
WHITE DOCTOR'S  
MEDICINE HAS WROUGHT  
GREAT MAGIC!



MANY THANKS, WHITE BROTHER!  
PRAYERS TO GREAT SPIRIT  
BY MANY STARS  
BROUGHT YOU HERE  
TO SAVE LITTLE  
CHIEF!



A MOMENT OR SO LATER... WHEW! HOW  
DOES IT FEEL  
TO BE A MIGHTY  
IMPORTANT  
MAN INSTEAD  
OF A MIGHTY  
BAD ONE?



THE NEXT MORNING...

DOC! HANK! WOLF'S  
BROTHER AND THE SIOUX  
ARE RIDING THIS WAY  
AGAIN!

FIGURED THEY  
WOULD BE!



AGAIN WE BRING YOU  
GIFTS! BUT THIS TIME,  
WE WISH NOTHING  
IN RETURN!



YOU ARE FRIENDS!  
SPIRIT WIND WILL  
BRING NO STORM!  
MOUNTAINS WILL  
NOT BE STEEP!  
WOLF'S BROTHER  
AND HIS PEOPLE  
WILL TAKE YOU  
SAFE TO THE  
BIG WATER!



"TO THE PROMISED LAND A'WAITIN', WESTWARD ROLL THE WAGONS..."

"THERE'S A MAGIC IN THE WIND  
AN' A BRIGHTNESS IN THE SKY  
THERE'S A PROMISED LAND A'WAITIN'  
AN' WE'LL GET THERE BYE AN' BYE!"

WESTWARD HO! THE WAGONS  
WESTWARD ROLL THEM FAR  
WESTWARD ROLL THE WAGONS  
TOWARD THE WESTERN STAR!"



# THE HAPPY CEREAL!



the  
happy way  
to start  
the day



# THE HAPPY SNACK!



New  
fruit-flavor  
fruit-color TRIx

little sugared corn puffs  
nourishing and crisp

